



WE PRINT
Accidents, Marriages and
Scandals With Great Cheer
BECAUSE
WE KNOW
WHO OUR SUBSCRIBERS IS
WE ALSO PRINT
JOB WORK

BINGVILLE BUGLE

INERGA FATUM PARIT
BY NEWTON NEWKIRK

EVERYBODY
WANTS
SUMTHINK
WHAT IS THE RESULT?
THEY GET NOTHINK
ADVERTISE
IN THE
BINGVILLE BUGLE
And See What You Get



IT SEEMS BILL WAS GETTING THE BEST OF THE POLICEMAN WHEN TWO OTHER POLICEMAN RUSHED IN AND THE 3 OF THEM MANAGED TO DRAG BILL TO THE CO. JAIL



MEL SKINNER IS ENGAGED AT PRESENT IN PATCHING UP HIS BARN ROOF WHERE THE SHINGLES HAVE COME OFF



JABE CRUMB WAS A BINGVILLE VISITOR LAST WEEK



MISS CARIE HUNT OF CALAMITY CORNERS HAS BEEN VISITING IN OUR TOWN AND IT IS REPORTED THAT CARIE HAS SET THE HEARTS OF SEVERAL OF OUR YOUNG MEN ALL

THE BINGVILLE BUGLE!
The Leading Paper of the County
Bright—Breezy—Bellicose—Bustling

How doth the hour little bee Improve each shining hour— By gathering honey all the day From every opening flower.

The cheapest advertising medium in the country. If you believe in advertising come and see us. For further information call or address the editor.

Being as Bill Hepburn, our artistick blacksmith, made a pledge on Tuesday of last week never to drink another drop of licker as long as he lives and then went to the Co. seat on Saturday, got full as a goose and was arrested and put in jail, a full account of which appears elsewhere in this issue of the Bugle, Bill's wife, Eliza has asked us to write up a red hot editorial on intemperance. Eliza thinks such a editorial will do Bill good. We have our doubts about this and yet we write it with great cheer as follows:

Whiskey is a curse to them as abuses its use; yet it is a blessing to them as can take it or let alone, and a full quart ought to be in the cupboard of every home for use in emergencies—emergencies is always liable to happen in the best regulated households, just the same as births, deaths or marriages. Whiskey taken internally in sufficient quantities will cure snake bites and if taken in more sufficient quantities will produce snakes.

There was Noah for instance. Noah wasn't what you might call a hard drinker, and yet he liked a little nip onct in a while to cheer him up. There is only one instance on record where Noah took a little more than was good for him—that was after he landed from the ark and made some grape wine from his vineyards. Noah kept sampling the wine to see if it had got a proper edge on it until he got muddled and went to sleep to recover. The advocate of temperance, however, must remember that Noah had been on a long, hard ocean voyage for seven or eight weeks, during which he didn't have a taste of anything in the spirit line, and when he got where wine was plenty he just naturally overdone it.

We can't find any evidence in Scripture, however, going to show that licker ever injured Noah in any way or shortened his days; he lived to be 950 years old, which is longer than Bill Hepburn will live unless he stops going on a spree to the Co. seat every Saturday.

The great trouble with Bill is that when he drinks he don't care who knows it. If he would only sneak around the bush about it, like some of our most respected citizens we could name. Bill's tena-

shion wouldn't suffer and he could afford to suffer his headaches in seckret. There's Deacon Butterworth, one of the staunch pillars of our church. Now he keeps a barrel of hard cider in his cellar the year round for medical use only. The deacon is a little mite sickly all the year round, and he figures that hard cider has saved his life on several occasions. We have never saw the Deacon out of the way with licker more'n twice sinst we lived in Bingville, and on both occasions the only evidence that he had took too much was that he give Hen Weathersby a quarter for a plug of dogleg tobacco and didn't wait for the change.

It is our opinion that the licker traffick ain't going to hurt our citizens much for two reasons. In the first place, most of 'em are too stingy to lay out money for whiskey, and in the second place whiskey is too scarce and can't be bought nearer than the Co. seat.

Made a Mistake

Cy Hoskins, our most estimable townsman, who is probly as well off in this world's goods as anybody else in Bingville or vicinity, was asleep when the collection plate was past in church last Sunday morning. Deacon Butterworth, who passed the plate, seen that Cy was asleep and give him a nudge. Cy woke up suddent and confused and before he realized what he was doing, dropped a half-dollar into the plate, instead of a penny or a pants button, as usual. Before Cy could grab the 50 cts. outen the plate, the Deacon had past on. Cy was powerful put out about it, and says that he calkulates the church won't expect nothing from him in the way of contribution for at least a year.

Poor Business

Lafe Whittaker, our popular and accomodating undertaker, says that business in his line has been extremely dull in the last several months and Lafe is pretty much discouraged. He says he can't scarcely seem to make both ends meet in the undertaking business, and that never sinst he went into this business here several years ago has he knowed the community to be afflicted with such good health as there have been during the recent past. Lafe says that unless there is a change for the worse on their part soon, he calkulates he will have to go outen the undertaking business and go into something else which there's some money in.

Personal

Gid Johnson paid this office a pleasant visit last Tuesday, remaining a couple of hours and taking up our time with useless conversation, being careful to avoid talking about his subscription, which he ain't paid a cent on for the past 9 yrs. It makes us tired to have subscribers come and go who owe us money which we need.

Mrs. Jerushy Perkins has our thanks for a strawberry shortcake which she left on our desk toter day. This is the first strawberry shortcake which has so far been left for us by one of our lady subscribers with their compliments. We hope that other lady subscribers will follow Jerushy's kind example.

Jabe Crumb was a Bingville visitor last week. Jabe lives 2 miles west, yet this is the first time he has been in Bingville in 3 yrs. being as Jabe sticks pretty close to home. Jabe says he notices several changes in Bingville sinst he was here last.

JAIL!

Bill Hepburn, our Artistick Blacksmith, Comes to Grief & Is Placed in Durance Vile Where He Languished Overnite—Licker the Cause of Bill's Downfall—A Sad, Sad Lesson

Bill Hepburn, our artistick blacksmith, has at last come to grief because of his fondness for the demon rum, and as a result Bill has not displayed himself, being as he disgraced his wife, and disgraced the fair name of Bingville. If Bill ain't got no self respect of his own left, he ought to have some consideration for the self respect of others. Bill has always bragged that he could take whiskey or let it alone, but everybody in Bingville knows that whenever Bill gets a chance to take whiskey, he never lets it alone.

Bill has took the pledge never to let another drop of licker pass his lips more times than he's got fingers and toes, but what good had that ever did him? No good. Only Tuesday of last week, after Bill had just recovered from a spree and was full of remorse, he brought his fist down in Hen Weathersby's store before a lot of witnesses almost hard enuff to split the counter, and said he'd never tech another drop of whiskey to his dying day, and last Saturday he went straight to the Co. seat and got full, with the following result:

Bill left Bingville early last Saturday morning in his buggy, driving his old gray mare, Polly. According to reliable informashon, Bill arrived at the Co. seat about 10 A. M. and soon as he could hitch Polly in front of a saloon he went inside and begin to licker up.

By about noon Bill was in a nasty and disagreeable condition. He went from the saloon to the hotel to get his dinner, and then as was present in the dining room says that the way he acted at the table was simply scandalous. He spilt his coffee in his lap and jug himself in the cheek with a table fork while trying to find his mouth. This made Bill so mad that he grabbed up a plate and throwed it at one of the lady waiters narrowly missing hitting her head. Now everybody knows that Bill would not of did a thing like this if he had been sober, being as he is always very perlitte and respectful to the ladies.

The girl complained to the proprietor, who complained to a policeman, and the policeman came into the hotel and placed Bill under arrest, telling him to come along to the Co. jail.

Bill told the policeman he guessed he would wait until he finished his dinner. Then the policeman grabbed Bill, Bill grabbed the policeman, and what followed almost beggers description. They fought all over the dining room, so we understand, upsetting tables, scattered vittles all over the floor and broke enuff dishes to set up housekeeping with. Consternation reigned supreme. It seems Bill was getting the best of the policeman when 2 other policemen rushed in, and the 3 of them managed to drag Bill to the Co. jail and clap him into solitary confinement, but not until they had almost hammered him into a state of unconsciousness with their clubs.

When Bill failed to return home Saturday ev'g. as usual, Mrs. Hepburn was terrible uneasy, fearing that probly Bill had met with some bad end; as a result she didn't sleep a wink all Saturday night. Sunday morning she told her fears to Brad Hinsley and Brad finally consented to drive to the Co. seat and see what had become of Bill which he done. When Brad ar-

rived at the Co. seat and learned that Bill had been arrested and was at that moment in durance vile, as we might say, Brad paid Bill a visit at the jail.

Brad says that Bill was about the most woe begonest critter he ever set his eyes on. He said that Bill was sober when he visited him, but that his head was awful contused where he had been walloped by the policemen's clubs, and that he (Bill) wouldn't wish a -nake to have such a headache as he had.

Bill told Brad to go back to Bingville and tell his beloved wife that he was still alive, and also to get Cy Hoskins to attend his hearing Monday morning at 9 A. M., if possible, and pay his fine for him.

When Brad returned to Bingville and told that Bill was in jail the news spread like wild fire. Mrs. Hepburn shut herself up at home and nearly cried her eyes out, saying she had been disgraced for life. Brad carried Bill's message to Cy Hoskins and Cy said it was ridiculous for Bill to expect him to pay his fine. However, Cy went to the hearing, as did most all the folks of Bingville, who dropped their work and was at the Co. seat when Court opened.

Bill and Cy had a private conference before Bill's case was called, and Bill told Cy that if he would pay his fine he would give him a mortgage on his blacksmith shop, house and lot, and everything else he possessed, if necessary, and Cy finally agreed.

When the judge heard how Bill had acted in the hotel, how he throwed a plate at the waitress, how many dishes he had broke and how he had resisted the 3 officers of the law, the judge fined Bill \$25 and costs, which amounted to \$35, and ordered Bill to be placed in jail until said fine was paid. Cy Hoskins then stepped forward and paid Bill's fine, after which Bill got his horse and buggy from a livery stable, where it had been took, and returned to Bingville a sadder, but wiser man.

For 2 days Bill stayed at home without even showing his face outen the house, he was so ashamed of himself. Then, on Thursday morning, he opened up his blacksmith shop, thus resuming business at the same old stand, as you might say. Bill says that if he ever touches another drop of licker as long as he lives on this earth, he hopes some kind-hearted person will kick the seat of his pants clean up betwixt his sholder blades, and that he won't raise a hand while they are doing it, either. Bill says that heretofore when he has swore off from licker he was only joking, but that this time he is in earnest. He says as far as he is concerned himself, him and the demon rum is herafter strangers to each other.

In spite of what Bill says it will be a terrible surprise to us if Bill don't go to the Co. seat next Saturday and get full again as usual. If Bill Hepburn has went on the water wagon for good and all, Bingville will be a good deal surprised and amazed.

Didn't Deliver It

Eph Higgins, our accomodating P. M., had a letter to come to the P. O. toter day with a special delivery stamp on for Ransie Smiley, who lives 3 miles west. Although Eph is supposed to deliver all speshial delivery letters which comes to the Bingville P. O. he said he'd be dog gonned if he was agoing to walk clean out to Ransie's and back just to deliver this letter to him, so Eph sent word with Hoke Peters, a nabor of Ransie's, to say to Ransie that there was a speshial delivery letter for him at the P. O. and if he wanted it to come after it.

Hoke told Ransie, but Ransie said he wouldn't go, and if Eph didn't deliver that letter he'd report him to the government. Eph says Ransie can go ahead and report that he won't deliver that letter and it can lay in the P. O. and

rot first, which it is doing as we go to press.

Country Correspondence

SNAKE BEND.

Ab Wood is on the sick list; so is Tom Peterson, Rube Sparrow, Seth Green and others too numerous to mention.

Sam Henderson purchased another horse over Hardscrabble way recently. Sam now owns 3 horses, 2 cows and 1 pig.

Miss Carrie Hunt of Calamity Corners has been visiting in our midst recently, and it is reported that Carrie has set the hearts of several of our young men all a flutter.

This is nice weather we're having. Bill Hinkley had a valuable horse to die on him last week from colick. Bill was offered \$40 in cash for this horse only a few days before and now is sorry he didn't take it. Bill seems to be in bad luck—several years ago he had one of his cows to break her leg so she had to be shot.

Seth Winslow went to the Co. seat on business and pleasure recent, and when he arrived home Seth was in no condition even to unhitch the horse, -hich his wife had to do for him. Why will some men over indulge?

Shingling

Mel Skinner is engaged at present in shingling some open places where the shingles have come off the roof of his barn. Mel has been patching up his barn roof with new patches of shingles for several years back until the roof ain't nothing more'n patches. In our opinion Mel might as well of shingled the roof all over new in the first place. If he keeps patching he'll never get through.

LET ME WORK IN YOUR GARDEN

Owing to the fact that I am unemployed at the present writing and desire to engage in some paying business which will keep me in sufficient spending money

so that I can buy my own chewing tobacco insted of buying it often my friends

I have decided to go into the garden working business.

I have had considerable experients in this line and am an eckspert at it. A great many folks in Bingville have gardens,

but they haven't got the time nor inclination to take care of same.

It is to such that this advertisement is wrote. If you want your garden weed-ed, watered and hoed let me do it for you.

I will not charge you a exorbitant price—

I will only charge you whatever the work is worth. In fact I can't make you a price until I see the size of your garden and know what is eckspected of me. If you need your garden took care of, inform me and

I will quote you figgers with great cheer.

What good is a garden unless you keep the weeds weed-ed out? No good.

Yours for garden weeding and general job work,

HANK DEWBERRY.

Bingville.
